
Title: A Journal

Author:

Its been what seems like weeks since I have seen daylight. I can no longer stand the isolation of this dark place, but my work here is paramount. If what the fence says is true, there are untold riches to be uncovered from the machines within this mechanical citadel. My time has not been without peril, as I dodge attack daily from all manner of mechanical beast. I think though, I may have made a breakthrough! These bizarre tripods seem to be in a state of disrepair. I was able to fashion some tools from the corpse of one of metallic behemoths. Luck would have it these instruments allowed me to interact with these strange tripods! Upon further examination it seems the intricacy of the circuitry varies but the outcome is always the same when the correct circuit is connected the machine whirs to life and a small card is ejected. For days I pondered the use of such an item until I discovered a likely recipient for such a thing. I began feeding the cards into the receiver, but to no avail until without warning, I fed a card into the machine as I'd done previously and it came to

life! What I am to do
with the result of such a
task is yet unclear but
it would seem...*the
rest of the journal has
rotted away*